

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



THE CAUSE OF QUARREL.

MAIDEN MAY.

CHAPTER VI.—LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

HARRY got back at luncheon time to Texford, where the family were assembled in the dining-hall. Sir Reginald—a fine-looking old man, the whiteness of whose silvery locks, secured behind a well-tied pig-tail, was increased by the hair-powder which besprinkled them—sat at the foot of the table

in the wheel-chair used by him to move from room to room. His once tall and strongly-built figure was slightly bent, though, unwilling to show his weakness, he endeavoured to sit as upright as possible while he did the honours of his hospitable board. Still it was evident that age and sickness were making rapid inroads on his strength.

He had deputed his niece, Mrs. Castleton, to take the head of his table. She had been singularly handsome, and still retained much of the beauty of

her younger days; with a soft and feminine expression of countenance which truly portrayed her gentle, and perhaps somewhat too yielding, character—yielding, at least, as far as her husband was concerned, to whose stern and imperious temper she had ever been accustomed to give way.

"My dear Harry, we were afraid that you must have lost your way," she said, when the young midshipman entered the room.

"I rode over to the post-office at Morbury for letters, and had to wait while the bag was made up. I slung it over my back, and I fancy was taken for a government courier as I rode along. I have brought despatches for every one in the house, I believe; a prodigious big one for you, Uncle Fancourt, from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty I suspect, for I saw the seal when it was put into the bag," he said, addressing a sunburnt, fine-looking man, with the unmistakable air of a naval officer, seated by his mother's side. "Mr. Grocock, to whom I gave the bag, will send them up as soon as he has opened it. There is something in the wind, I suspect, for I heard shouting and trumpeting just as I rode out of the town. Knowing that I had got whatever news there is at my back, I came on with it rather than return to learn more about the matter."

"Probably another enemy's ship taken," observed Captain Fancourt.

"Are the Admiralty going to send you to sea again, Fancourt?" asked Sir Reginald, who had overheard Harry's remark.

"They are not likely, during these stirring times, Sir Reginald, to allow any of us to remain idle on shore if they think us worth our salt, and I hope to deserve that, at least," answered Captain Fancourt.

"You are worth tons of that article, or the admiral's despatches greatly overpraise you," observed Sir Reginald, laughing at his own joke.

While the baronet was speaking, Harry had taken his seat next to a pretty dark-eyed young girl, giving her a kiss on the cheek and at the same time a pat on the back, a familiarity to which his sister Julia was well accustomed from her sailor brother, who entertained the greatest admiration and affection for her.

"You should not treat the demoiselle in that mode at table, Monsieur Harry," observed a lady who was sitting on his other side.

"I beg your pardon, Madame De La Motte, I ought, I confess, to have paid my respects to you first."

"Ah, you are *méchant, incorrigible*," said the lady, in broken English, laughing as she spoke.

"No, I am only very hungry, so you will excuse me if I swallow a few mouthfuls before we discuss that subject," said Harry, applying himself to the plate of chicken and ham which the footman had just placed before him. "I'm afraid that you think I have forgotten my manners as well as the French you taught me before I went to sea. But I hope to prove to you that I retain a fair amount of both," and Harry began to address the lady in French. When he mispronounced a word and she corrected him he bowed his thanks, repeating it after her.

"I never learned French, but I should think it must be a very difficult language to acquire," observed a pale middle-aged lady of slight figure who sat opposite Harry, turning her eyes towards him, but those orbs were of a dull leaden hue, the eyelids almost closed. She was totally blind.

Her features were beautifully formed, and had a

peculiarly sweet and gentle expression, though the pallor of her cheeks betokened ill-health.

"I will help you to begin, Miss Mary, while you are here, and then you can go on by yourself," said Madame De La Motte, in her usual sprightly way.

"I thank you, madame," answered Miss Mary Pemberton, "but I am dependent on others. Jane has no fancy for languages, and her time is much occupied in household matters and others of still higher importance."

"Yes, indeed, Mary speaks truly," observed Miss Pemberton, a lady of a somewhat taller and not quite so slight a figure as her sister, and who, though her features had a pleasant expression, could not, even in her youth, have possessed the same amount of beauty. She always took her seat next to Mary, that she might give her that attention which her deprivation of sight required. "While we have such boundless stores of works on all important subjects in our own language, we waste our time by spending it in acquiring another."

"Very right, cousin, very right," exclaimed Sir Reginald; "stick to our good English books, for at the present day, what with their republicanism, their infidelity, and their abominable notions, we can expect nothing but what is bad from French writers."

"Pardonnez moi, Sir Reginald," exclaimed Madame De La Motte, breaking off the conversation in which she was engaged with Harry, and looking up briskly. "Surely la pauvre France has produced some pure and religious writers, and many works on science worthy of perusal."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madame, I forgot that a French lady was present. I was thinking more of the murderous red republicans who have cut off the heads of their lawful sovereign and his lovely queen, Marie Antoinette. I remember her in her youth and beauty at the court of her brother, the Emperor Leopold, when I paid a visit to Germany some years ago. When I think how she was treated by those ruffians with every possible indignity, and perished on a scaffold, my heart swells with indignation, and I am apt to forget that there are noble and honest Frenchmen still remaining who feel as I do."

"Ah, truly, Sir Reginald, we loyal French feel even more bitterly, for we have shame added to our grief and indignation, that they are our compatriots who are guilty of such unspeakable atrocities as are now deluging our belle France with blood," said Madame De La Motte, putting her handkerchief to her face to hide the tears which the mention of the fate of the hapless queen seldom failed to draw from the eyes of French loyalists in those days.

"You will pardon me, madame, for my inadvertent remark," said Sir Reginald, bowing as he spoke towards the French lady.

"Certainly, Sir Reginald, and I am grateful for your sympathy in the sufferings of those I adore."

Just at that instant the butler entered the room bearing a salver covered with letters, which most of the party were soon engaged in reading. An exclamation from Captain Fancourt made every one look up.

"There is indeed news," he exclaimed. "Sir Roger Curtis has arrived with despatches from Earl Howe announcing a magnificent victory gained by him with twenty-five ships over the French fleet of twenty-six, on the 1st June, west of Ushant; seven of the French captured, two sunk, when the French

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admiral, after an hour's close action, crowded sail, followed by most of his ships able to carry their canvas, and made his escape, leaving the rest either crippled or totally dismantled behind him. Most of our ships were either so widely separated or so much disabled, that several of the enemy left behind succeeded in making their escape under spritsails. One went down in action, when all on board perished; another sank just as she was taken possession of, and before her crew could be removed, though many happily were saved."

"I only wish that I had been there," exclaimed Harry. Captain Fancourt looked as if he wished the same.

"You might have been among those who lost their lives," observed Miss Pemberton; "we would rather have you safe on shore."

"We must take our chance with others," said Harry. "I only hope, Uncle Fancourt, that you will soon be able to get me afloat again, though I am not tired of home yet."

"I shall be able to fulfil your wishes, for the Admiralty have appointed me to the command of the Triton, 38-gun frigate, ordered to be fitted out with all dispatch at Portsmouth. Before many weeks are over she will, I hope, be ready for sea. I shall have to take my leave of you, Sir Reginald, sooner than I expected. I must go down at once to look after her. Harry need not join till I send for him."

"I congratulate you, Fancourt," said Sir Reginald, "though I am sorry that your visit should be cut short." The great battle was the subject of conversation for the remainder of the day, every one eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the newspapers the next morning for fuller particulars.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CASTLETONS AND GOULS.

In those days, when coaches only ran on the great high roads, and postal arrangements were imperfect, even important news was conveyed at what would now be considered a very slow rate.

Adam knew no one in London to whom he could write about the little girl he had saved from the wreck, and many days passed before he could get to Morbury, the nearest town to Hurlston. It was a place of some importance, boasting of its mayor and corporation, its town-hall and gaol, its large parish church and its broad high street.

Adam first sought out the mayor, to whom he narrated his story. That important dignitary promised to do all in his power through his correspondents in London to discover the little girl's friends, but warned him that, as during war time the difficulties of communication with foreign countries were so great, he must not entertain much hope of success. "However, you can in the meantime relieve yourself of the care of the child by sending her to the workhouse, or if you choose to take care of her, her friends, when they are found, will undoubtedly repay you, though I warn you they are very likely, after all, not to be discovered," he added.

"Send the little maiden to the workhouse!" he exclaimed, as, quitting Mr. Barber's mansion, he pressed his hat down on his head; "no, no, no; and as to being repaid by her friends, if it was not for her sake, I only hope they may never be found."

The lawyer, Mr. Shallard, on whom Adam next called, had the character of being an honest man, and having for many years been Sir Reginald Castleton's adviser, he was universally looked up to

and trusted by all classes, except by those litigants who were conscious of the badness of their causes.

He was a tall, thin man, of middle age, with a pleasant expression of countenance. He listened with attention to Adam's account of his rescuing the little girl, but gave him no greater expectation of discovering her friends than had the mayor.

"You will, I suspect, run a great risk of losing your reward," he observed; "but if you are unwilling to bear the expense of her maintenance, bring her here, and I will see what can be done for her. Of course, legally, you are entitled to send the foundling to the workhouse."

"You wouldn't advise me to do that, I'm thinking," said Adam.

"No, my friend, but it is my duty to tell you what you have the right to do," answered the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I'd blush to call myself a man if I did," replied the fisherman, and without boasting of his intentions, he added that he and his dame were quite prepared to bring up the little girl like a daughter of their own.

When Adam offered the usual fee, the lawyer motioned him to put it into his pocket.

"Friend Halliburt, you are doing your duty to the little foundling, and I will do mine. If her friends can be found, I dare say I shall be repaid, and at all events, when you come to Morbury again you must call and let me know how she thrives."

"Any chance of hearing of our little maiden's friends?" asked the dame, on Adam's return.

"None that I can see, mother," he answered, taking his usual seat in his arm-chair. "What do you think, though?" he continued, after he had given an account of his first visit; "Mr. Mayor advises us to send her to the workhouse. It made my heart swell up a bit when he said so, I can tell ye."

"Sure it would, Adam," exclaimed the dame; "little dear, to think on't."

"Mr. Shallard said something of the same sort too, but he showed that he has a kind heart, for he told me to bring the child to him if we didn't want to have charge of her, and when I offered his fee he wouldn't even look at it."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the dame; "I've no doubt he'd act kindly by her, but I wouldn't wish to give her up to him if I could help it. It's not every one who would have refused to take his fee, and it's more, at all events, than old Lawyer Goul would have done, who used to live when I was a girl where Mr. Shallard does now. There never was a man like him for scraping money together by fair means or foul. And yet it all went somehow or other, and there was not enough left when he died to bury him, and his poor heart-broken, crazy wife was left without house or home, and went away wandering through the country no one knew where."

Then Dame Halliburt told a tale, interrupted by many questions by the good Adam, of which this is the substance.

Lawyer Goul had a son, and though he and his wife agreed in nothing else, they did in loving and in spoiling that unhappy lad. He caused the ruin of his father, who denied him nothing he wanted. Old Goul wouldn't put his hand in his pocket for a sixpence to buy a loaf of bread for a neighbour's family who might be starving; but he would give hundreds or thousands to supply young Martin's extravagance. He wanted to make a gentleman of

his son, and thought money would do it. His son thought so too, and took good care to spend his father's ill-gotten gains. As he grew up he became as audacious and bold a young ruffian as could well be met with. He had always a fancy for the sea, and used often to be away for weeks and months together over to France or Holland in company with smugglers and other lawless fellows, so it was said, and it was suspected that he was mixed up with them, and had spent not a little of his father's money in smuggling ventures which brought no profit. Old Martin Goul had wished to give his son a good education, and had sent him to the very same school to which the sons of Dame Halliburt's master, Mr. Herbert Castleton, went. There were two of them, Mr. Ranald and Mr. Ralph. Mr. Herbert was Sir Reginald Castleton's younger brother. He was a proud man, as all the Castletons were, and hot-tempered, and not what one may call wise. He was sometimes over-indulgent to his children, and sometimes very harsh if they offended him. For some cause or other Mr. Ranald, the eldest, was not a favourite of his, though many liked him the best. He was generous and open-hearted, but then, to be sure, he was as hot-tempered and obstinate as his father. While he was at college it was said he fell in love with a young girl who had no money, and was in point of family not a proper match for a Castleton. Some one informed his father, who threatened to disown him if he married her. He could not keep him out of Texford, for he was Sir Reginald's heir after himself. This fact enraged him still more against his son, as he thus had not the full power he would have liked to exercise over him. When Mr. Herbert married, his wife brought him a good fortune, which was settled on their children, and that he could not touch either. They had, besides their two sons, a daughter, Miss Ellen Castleton, a pretty dark-eyed young lady. She was good-tempered and kind to all about her, but not as sensible and discreet as she should have been.

When Mr. Ranald and Mr. Ralph left school young Martin Goul, whose character was not so well known then as it was afterwards, came to the house to pay them a visit. As they had been playmates for some years, and he dressed well and rode a fine horse, they seemed to forget that he was old Martin Goul's son, and treated him like one of themselves. "To my mind," continued the dame, "nothing belonging to old Goul was fit to associate with Mr. Castleton's sons. Once having got a footing in the house, he used to come pretty often, sometimes even when the young gentlemen were away from home, and it soon became known to every one except Mr. and Mrs. Castleton that Lawyer Goul's son was making love to Miss Ellen. She, poor dear, knew nothing of the world, and thought if he was fit to be a companion of her brothers, it was no harm to give her heart to him. She could see none of his faults, and fancied him a brave, fine young fellow, and he could, besides, be as soft as butter when he chose, and was as great a hypocrite as his father. He knew it would not do to be seen too often at the house, or Mr. and Mrs. Castleton would have been suspecting something, and so he persuaded Miss Ellen to come out and meet him in the park, and she fancied that no one knew of it. This went on for some time till Mr. Ranald and Mr. Ralph came home from college. One evening, as Mr. Ranald was returning from a ride on horseback, and had

taken a short cut across the park, he found his sister and Martin Goul walking together in the wood. Now one might have supposed that if the account of his own love affair was true he would have had some fellow-feeling for his sister and old schoolmate, and not thought she was doing anything very wrong after all, but that wasn't his idea in the least. Without more ado he laid his whip on Martin's shoulders and ordered him off the grounds, much as he would a poacher. Martin, the strongest of the two by far, would have knocked him down if Miss Ellen had not interfered and begged Martin to go away, declaring that if fault there was it was entirely hers. Martin did go, saying that he would have his revenge; and Mr. Ranald, taking Miss Ellen's arm, led her back to the house."

Dame Halliburt went on to relate that though Mr. Ranald and Mr. Ralph were not on affectionate terms as brothers should be, they were quite at one in this matter. They considered that the honour of the family was at stake, and tried to make their sister promise never to see young Martin Goul again, but, gentle as she was in most things, she would not say that.

Mr. Ralph had, however, in the manner he was accustomed to manage things, taken steps to get Martin Goul out of the way. The last war between England and France had just begun; the press-gang were busy along the coast obtaining men for the navy. Mr. Ralph happened to know the officer in command of a gang who had the night before come to Morbury. He told him, what was the truth, that young Martin was a seafaring man, and mixed up with a band of smugglers, and he hinted to the officer that he would be doing good service to the place, and to honest people generally, if he could get hold of the young fellow and send him away to sea. Martin was seized the same night, and before he could send any message home to say what had happened, he was carried to a man-of-war's boat lying in the little harbour of Morbury, ready to receive any prisoners who might be taken. He was put on board a cutter with several others who had been captured in the place, and not giving him time to send even a letter on shore, she sailed away for the Thames, and he was at once sent on board a man-of-war on the point of sailing for a foreign station. Miss Ellen, when she heard what had happened, was more downcast and sad than before, and those who knew the secret of her sorrow saw that she was dying of a broken heart.

Poor Mrs. Castleton had been long in delicate health, and soon after this she caught a chill, and in a short time died. Miss Ellen was left more than ever alone. From the day she last saw her worthless lover she never went into society, and seldom, indeed, except at church, was seen outside the park-gates.

Mr. Castleton himself had become somewhat of an invalid, which made his temper even worse than before. He showed it especially whenever Mr. Ranald was at home, and I am afraid that Mr. Ralph often made matters worse instead of trying to mend them.

At last Mr. Ranald left home altogether, for as he had come into a part of his mother's property, he was independent of his father. Some time afterwards a letter was received from him saying that he had sailed for the Indies. Whether or not he had married the young lady spoken of at college was not known to a certainty.

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As may be supposed, old Martin Goul and his poor witless wife were in a sad taking when they found that their son had been carried off by a press-gang. Old Goul vowed vengeance against those who had managed to have his son spirited away. His own days, however, were coming to a close. He found out the ship on board which young Martin had sailed, and he tried every means to send after him to get him back. That was no easy matter, however; indeed, the money which he had scraped together and cheated out of many a lone widow and friendless orphan had come to an end.

Meantime it was known that young Martin had been aboard the Resistance frigate, which had gone away out to the East Indies. At last news came home that the Resistance had been blown up far away from any help in the Indian seas, and that every soul on board had perished or been killed by savages when they got on shore.

Mr. Ralph tried to keep what had happened from the ears of his sister, but she was always making inquiries about the ships on foreign stations. At last one day she heard what it would have been better she had never known. We found her in a dead faint. She was brought to, but the colour had left her cheeks and lips, and she never again lifted up her head. She grew weaker and weaker, and soon was laid beside her mother in the family vault.

A few months afterwards Mr. Castleton died, and the place was sold. Mr. Ralph, who had become a

barrister, went away to live in London and married, and has been there ever since.

The death of his son was known to many others before Lawyer Goul heard of it, for it was no one's business to tell him, and few would have been willing to do so. At last, one day in an old newspaper which contained an account of the loss of the Resistance, his eye fell on the announcement. He let the paper drop, sank back in his chair, and never spoke again. His crazy wife took it up, and she, seeing what had happened to her son, not even stopping to learn whether her husband was dead or not, or trying to assist him, rushed away no one knew where. "Some say," said Dame Halliburt, as she finished her long story, "that she has long since been dead, and others that she is 'Mad Sal,' as the boys call her; but she does not look to me like old Goul's wife; and I cannot fancy that one brought up as a sort of lady, as she was, could live the life that poor mad woman does, all alone in a wretched hovel by herself among the cliffs, without a neighbour or a soul to help her."

"Well, it's a sad story, wife; I wonder you never told it me before."

"To say the truth, Adam, it's not a matter I ever liked talking about, and I don't know scarcely what made me tell it you now. It's not that I care about Lawyer Goul and his crazy wife and their son; but even now I cannot bear to think of poor Miss Ellen. It was a sad thing that a sweet innocent creature like her should have been cut off in her young days."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY CHARLES REED, ESQ., M.P.

I AM sitting down to write a chapter where a book might well be written. Returning from the Western Continent, after a journey of nearly fifteen thousand miles, I have notes enough for a good-sized octavo, but no prospect of time, even to contribute more than a few pages to my old friend the "Leisure Hour." But as I have done what all intelligent and leisurely men and women in Great Britain ought to do—Christian men and women especially—I am anxious to tell them how they may devote four months to one of the very best enterprises of modern times. I would place Switzerland, Italy, Norway, and Egypt among places very desirable to visit, but America should be noted as a country that *ought* to be known. As blood is thicker than water, so our cousins across the Atlantic are dearer to us than any other people, and their country, the chosen one of our Pilgrim Fathers, must be more interesting to their countrymen than any other land. The ocean is a great bar, no doubt, and as one who not only does not suffer, but thoroughly enjoys, I may not be sufficiently sympathetic with those who cannot do the same; but this I can aver, that timid ladies and shrinking landmen by hundreds do pass over from the waters of Columbia into those ruled by Britannia every year, and bear bravely what we English so needlessly fear.

To begin. Resolving to go, you travel down to Liverpool, and cross the "Ferry," as a pleasant companion volume* of my travels calls it, in a magnificent ship, appointed in all respects—unlike our English continental boats—for ocean service. Leaving the

Prince's stage, you come alongside as she lies in mid-stream in the Mersey, and as you read the name of the noble vessel, the Oceanic, you realise at once a sense of power and security, quite unknown in connection with the small coasting-boats of the British Isles. Quitting the tender, you find yourself among a crowd of fellow-passengers, perfectly unknown to you to-day, but presenting a little world of new acquaintance, to be studied and understood at leisure hereafter. You scan the printed list of names, and find your own there for other people to scan likewise. You take possession of your own cozy state-room, replete with every convenience, and ample enough to reward you for selecting the "White Star" line. You are informed by the barber that he will attend you every day at your bidding, and by the bathman that a cold Atlantic bath is at your service at six o'clock every morning. You feel as much at home as you well can be at sea, and are comforted by being told that you will beat any other boat in a good and safe ocean race by twenty-four hours at least.

The ship swings with the tide, and the cry is "Westward Ho!" You sit down to your first meal in a brilliantly decorated saloon. Fortunately for me, my seat was near to that of a most intelligent and courteous captain, by name Kiddle, who dines, no doubt, every day, but never leaves his bridge till he has seen the last of Fastnet Rock, or after he has sighted Long Island on the other side. The appointments of the saloon are equal to those of the best hotels, and the delicacies of the season, as you left it in England, accompany you the whole way,

* "Across the Ferry." By Dr. Macaulay. London, 1871.

preserved in ice and excellently dressed. You look at the libraries, the books prove to be of "standard authorship;" you ask for amusement, and you have games in abundance, from quoits on deck to draughts in the cabin. The ladies have their conversation room; the gentlemen—well, I wish they would keep to it—their smoking-room; and your portmanteaus are under the care of my friend the baggage master, who, at eleven any morning, will attend you to your trunks in the most patient and obliging manner. The officers are picked men; the first boatswain a perfect specimen of sleepless activity, and except two refractory British sailors, who were put in irons one night for disobedience, they are a set of fine, well-disciplined, and capable fellows, all English, for the line is an English line. Then the ship is clean, I may say exquisitely clean, not a bit of grease, not a fray of rope, are to be seen anywhere; the absence of all smell, even of cooking, surprised and delighted us. As to the company, it was good; the men reserved and taciturn for the first day, but when land was out of view, and especially when the Sabbath came, all reserve was thrown off, and hands were grasped, for it was felt that there was one common bond of union, and that we were the servants of One Master.

That Sabbath was memorable on many accounts, and it answered well to George Herbert's description,

"Day most calm, most bright."

Our captain asked the clerical passengers—and we had three—to arrange the service as they wished; and at the appointed hour the bell tolled, and in five minutes the saloon was well filled with worshippers, no difference being made on that day between steerage and state-room passengers. The captain was there, reverent and interested, the purser led the singing, a young lady of Quaker creed played our tunes, a clergyman read the prayers, and a worthy old Primitive Methodist minister preached. Having thus broken ground with the emigrants, who filled the steerage, a service was arranged in their quarters in the afternoon, and a touching scene it was. After that, a German gentleman addressed the children of the "Fatherland," and another a company of Swedes. An evening service was asked for, and of those who were well enough to attend there were few on board the ship who did not keep holy that Sabbath-day. How often was it said on the voyage, "That Sunday put us all at ease," and as the weather cleared and sickness vanished, acquaintances became friendships, and we shook hands with regret when Staten Island came in view.

The aspect of New York was not very assuring, and the delays at the Custom-house, and the exorbitant charges of the hackmen, did not serve to comfort the new-comers. August, too, is an "out-of-season" month, and everybody was away; so as nobody was to be seen, and even on Sunday no public worship could be counted on, I soon transferred myself from the "Fifth Avenue Hotel" to the "West End," at Long Branch. Here I knew I should find the American people, and there was quite enough of display and luxury to satisfy more fashionable tastes than mine. A tornado had recently swept the coast, the whole district was deluged with water, and as the villas and hotels are all "framed"—that is, made of wood and glass—it was wonderful not to find more havoc made by the winds and breakers. In the hotel I found some 600 people, from all parts of the States.

Of course there were the vulgar rich and the unpretentious refined; and it was soon discoverable that the North and the South looked shyly at one another. Gaiety was the order of the day, and of the night too; the equipages were fine, the dressing was very stylish, and the lovely precocious children crowded every avenue and hall of the house.

The President was at Long Branch, living in the quietest way possible, surrounded by a charming family. The day I called was the day of the races, and I should not have been surprised to learn that the General was on the course; on the contrary, he never sanctions such amusements, and I found him engaged in training a pair of jet black Arabs in his own grounds. In an easy, affable manner, he placed a chair under the verandah, lit his cigar, and chatted pleasantly about things in general, and education in particular. He is *ex officio* one of the trustees of Mr. Peabody's educational fund, and I certainly met with no one in the States more fully informed as to the wants and condition of the coloured population than General Grant. The object of this trust is to afford temporary help to existing schools, and to maintain them till they need no further aid. The President at one time held the opinion that the munificence of the great philanthropist would not avail to effect the object he had in view, but he now admits that, contrary to all his expectations, the operations of the trustees, under the judicious direction of Dr. Sears, have been of the utmost practical value. It is evident that the elevation of the coloured race is regarded by the President as one of the greatest safeguards for the peace and security of the country. I am not at liberty to refer more fully to his opinions, but my interview left an impression that he is animated by a spirit of high patriotism, and that he entertains the most friendly feelings to the "old country." And here I must say that all through the States English travellers are treated with the utmost courtesy and respect; and I often heard Americans of the better class deplore the tone and spirit of spread-eagle orators and writers for the press, as irritating and insulting to the English people. Even the blacks speak of the "old country" with affection, and I heard frequently in the common schools the national anthem sung in honour of the British visitors. Let the people be polled, and it would be found that there was in the heart of the native American a deep and settled sentiment of attachment to the people of our land, and this is specially the case among professing Christians of the Anglo-Saxon stock.

Nine miles from Long Branch there was a camp-meeting. The President, who is an Episcopal Methodist, had been there, and I could not resist the temptation. Certainly the sight was wonderful. On the shores of the Atlantic, encamped in a region called "Ocean Grove," eight thousand people were living under canvas for the summer months. Religious revival and health were the objects sought. The camp, therefore, was mainly one of religious people. Families came from the cities and the plains, each with cart, tent, furniture, and provisions. The tents were pitched in lines, intersecting each other; and forming avenues and streets all leading to one grand avenue, the width of a "Queen's Drive," and opening to the ocean. The streets had their names—Pilgrim Street, Avenue of Rest, etc., and the postman and tradesman plied their business with a certain knowledge of every name. Public worship was held at stated

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hours in some one or other of the spacious marquees, and prayer-meetings were largely attended. Physical exercise for the young people was promoted under good regulations, and temperance was the rule of this interesting community. The bay is exceedingly fine, and at the time I was there there were more than five hundred persons bathing along the shore. Men of business come here to escape the heat of the city; sickly mothers to recruit their strength; school teachers with narrow means secure their seaside holiday—people of unfashionable tastes, who do not go to the snow regions of the White Mountains; and the discipline is so good, and order so well preserved, that there is no need for a police force, and though property is open to depredation, it is as secure as if enclosed in palace walls. I met here with many spiritually-minded persons, and I can truly say that I was greatly refreshed by the novel scene, and by my pleasant intercourse with these earnest Christian people.

The great cities are very unlike each other, and pre-eminence is claimed by the partisans of each. Boston is to the genuine Yankee as great as is Chicago to the newly-arrived adventurer, and even Brooklyn people appear to look down upon New York. On the whole I prefer Philadelphia; it is a charming city, and as the centre of Pennsylvania it is worthy of the old settlement. Its pure marble, its house for every artisan, its noble park, its street arrangements, make it a most attractive place, and having regard to its peculiar adaptation, the wonder is that the seat of Government was ever fixed at Washington. Among other institutions visited in this city was the Penitentiary. Here was a man pointed out by the governor as the identical man described by Dickens in 1862* as in a dying condition, having then completed two years of his imprisonment. He says, "In another cell there was a German. With colours procured from the yarns with which he worked, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground behind with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre, that looked, by-the-by, like a grave. A more heartbroken, dejected, wretched creature it would be difficult to imagine." It shows how easily an amiable disposition may be imposed upon. This incorrigible fellow is still in prison, and still in the decorated room, but in 1873 he is plump and jocose, and expressed his firm intention of remaining in his quarters as long as the governor was inclined to be kind to him.

We hear much of the corruption of judges and public functionaries. It is a mournful fact that in the halls of the Capitol, as in the municipal chambers of some leading cities, anything can be done "for a consideration," and men have a known price. In New York the state of things is shameless, and in Chicago at this moment four aldermen are picking oakum and working out their sentence for receiving bribes. But it is not the true American so much as the foreigner of degraded reputation who does such injury to American society. I scarcely heard any prayer offered in public without a reference to this alarmingly prevalent sin.

No one should emigrate to the United States who hopes to turn his knowledge of book-keeping and clerkship to account. Your American citizen rarely brings up his boy to a trade; apprenticeship is

scarcely known; the youth, a citizen of the future, cannot take a menial situation, and therefore he seeks a clerkship or a government office. The Irish are the porters, the waiters, and the drudges; the Dutch, German, and Swedes are the small traders. What America wants is the skilled mechanic, and it is no use sending any one else. An admirable movement exists in Canada for receiving outcast boys and girls sent out by Miss Macpherson from the streets of London, and Mr. Brace does the same work in New York. Thousands of these children are taken out of the gutter, and no sooner do they arrive in Quebec or in the West than a demand is made for them, and they find homes without difficulty. Upon inquiry I found that this beneficent effort is so worthy of support that I cannot but express a hope that friends in England will give it their generous aid. It is a singular fact that the children of Roman Catholic emigrants do not as a rule remain Romanists. They come of age, and many being then American citizens, refuse longer to be controlled by the priests.

In America the inducements to temperance are great. You sit down to dinner, a tumbler-glass is placed before you, and no wine-glass; iced water and iced milk are at your right hand, and iced tea or coffee can be had for asking. Your neighbours, right and left, take no wine, and it is a remarkable thing to hear a champagne cork drawn; ale and beer are seldom called for, and no custom of drinking "for the good of the house" is observed. The fact is, you are not expected to take strong drink. No doubt the climate is exhilarating, and lassitude and fatigue are less felt; no doubt there is drinking in the saloon, beneath the hotel, of liquors and ardent spirits to a large extent by business men. But the fact remains that drinking is not the custom, and as a consequence, nutritious foods are much more taken. In ten weeks I saw two drunken men. I never heard a driver of a public vehicle, excited by liquor, cursing or abusing his fellow-driver, and I never witnessed such street rows as frequently disgrace our London streets. My visits to the poorest parts of great cities were frequent, and I went in company with the police, and this is the result of their experience and of my own observation.

The great feature of each town is the handsome architectural character of the places of religious worship. The most costly sites, the most convenient arrangements, the most comfortable in fittings, even to luxuriousness, belong to the churches and the Sunday-schools. Common schools are everywhere neatly built in red brick, with white stone dressing, and with ample playgrounds. The superintendent is usually a man of superior ability, and the teachers are mostly females, well trained, and teaching on the "class system." No monitors or pupil-teachers are to be seen, and the teaching, so far as I saw in about thirty schools, was thorough. The class-rooms are lined with slate midway round the room, occupying about four feet in depth. The desks are single, with space to pass between, and the order and discipline are perfect. The great defect in these institutions is the want of provision for infants, children not being admitted before five or six years of age. Even in the mission schools of the Children's Aid Society, where food is given in the middle of the day, it is a rare thing to see a ragged child, the poorest being fairly clothed. In German districts there are German teachers, and the same for Swedes and Norwegians. The coloured schools are equally well-

* "American Notes." By Charles Dickens. 1862.

appointed, but a few black children are now found in the white schools. The schools are free, and the religious instruction is limited to Bible-reading, followed by a service of prayer and singing, very reverently performed.

The railroad travelling is, on the whole, pleasant, the pace is rapid, the vibration considerable, but the carriages are really comfortable, and the opportunity of moving, lounging, and walking is complete. Then the provision of iced water is very refreshing. Bibles and other books are found in some trains, with an inscription on the cover, "Read and return." The system of checking luggage and sending it on to your hotel is perfect, and only one class being provided, the rate of three cents, or three-halfpence a mile is very moderate. It is a curious fact, however, that the Pullman drawing-room cars at advanced fares are used by the rich, giving evidence of aristocratic tendency, while travellers on long routes hire places in sleeping and hotel cars, and retain exclusive possession of them through the journey. The engines are very powerful, the engineers are well-covered in and screened, and instead of a shrill whistle, the train comes into each station with a deep-toned bell, tolling just as though people were being rung into church.

Having travelled South and West, and in Canada and New England, for eight weeks, I arrived at New York at the commencement of the sittings of the Conference of Evangelical Christians. It is quite impossible to describe the course of these meetings, much less the spirit in which they were conducted. The numbers of delegates from all parts of Europe and America, the attendance daily for ten days of thousands of persons, the subjects of discussion, are evidences of the success of the gathering, while the full reports by the daily press, and the attention paid by public bodies, showed that the influence spread far and wide among the population of the city. The clergy of all denominations are a great power in America, and the happy spirit of union and concord is manifest in all their public action. There is no rivalry, no envy, hatred, or uncharitableness, no need to pray for the healing of divisions; and well might the President say, in receiving the delegates at the White House in Washington, "Gentlemen, I am happy to welcome you to a land where the people enjoy the blessing of perfect religious liberty."

It was universally felt that such a conference could not have been held elsewhere than in New York. In London the same hospitality might have been shown, but the same conditions of religious equality do not exist. The Young Men's Christian Association rendered noble service, and the generous arrangements of the Hon. W. E. Dodge and of Drs. Schaff and Prime, the honorary secretaries, are beyond all praise.

What other persons may say I do not know; the result of my observation is this: that no words can convey the sense I have of the importance of the meetings held, as inaugurating a new era in the history of Christian union.

This union has always been dear to me, and is doubly so now. Personally I have been brought into close contact with some of the best and most benevolent American citizens, as from childhood I have learnt to honour and esteem the representatives of a country for which one whose name I bear had such a true regard. It is with pride that I quote words of

his written in 1835 (*Visit to the American Churches*, by Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D.), which seem to forecast the future, now realised in 1873.

"So far as England and America are concerned, peace, intercourse, and union should be employed and sanctified as means of energetic co-operation for the conversion of the world. This is the end to which we should be steadfastly looking in all our intercourse; and, great as this end is, it may be thus contemplated without despondency. These nations are singularly prepared by Providence for this high service; so much so, indeed, as to indicate that it is consigned to their hands. Where shall we find two nations placed so advantageously on the surface of the globe to this end? Where shall we find them in possession of so much of the world's commerce, which is a direct means to this end? Where shall we find a people whose civil and religious institutions are so prepared to bless mankind? and where shall we find any people who are so ready by desire and effort as these to bestow whatever makes them distinguished and happy upon all other nations? Blot out England and America from the map of the world, and you destroy all those great institutions which almost exclusively promise the world's renovation; but unite England and America in energetic and resolved co-operation for the world's salvation, and the world is saved."

Winter Grooms.



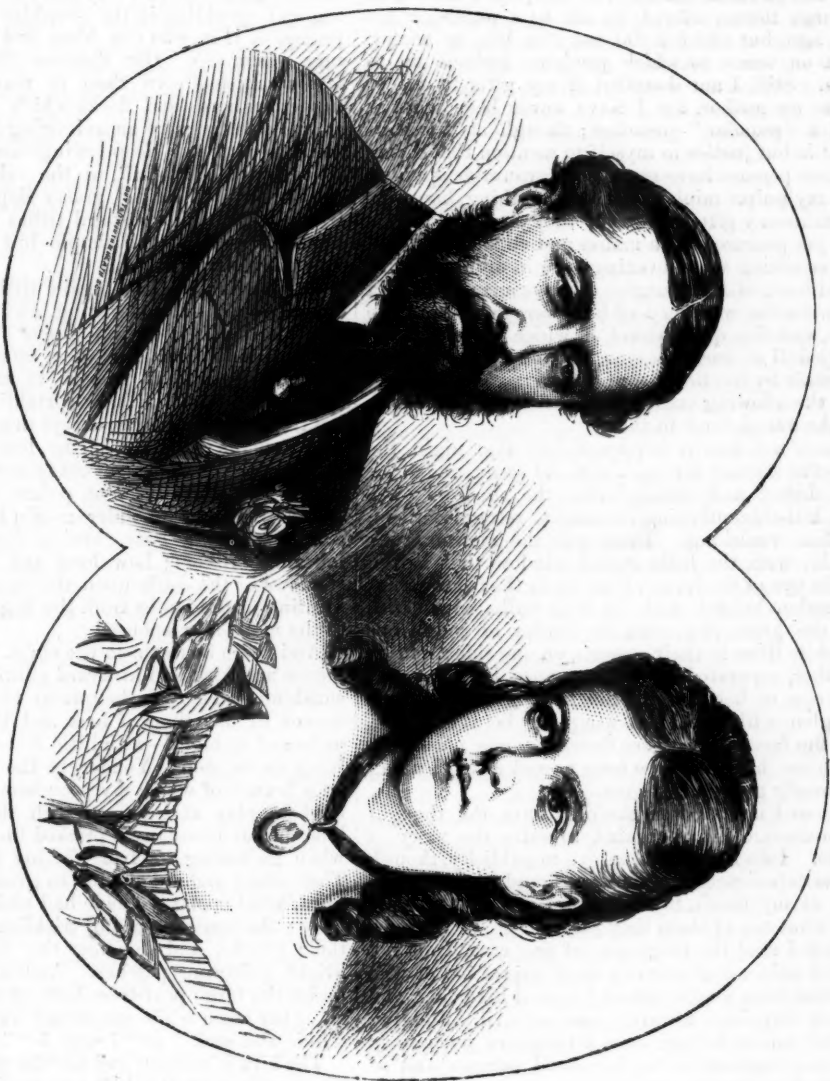
HE winter morn wakes sad and slow
Beneath a sullen firmament;
The cock crew out five hours ago
But doubtingly, as if he dreamt.
The noon creeps up—no light—no sun;
The sombre fogs hang chill and drear.
By four o'clock the day is done,
And Life grows short and shorter, Dear.

The ragged skies are patcht with cloud;
Out roars the echoing waterfall;
The winds come howling fierce and loud;
The door creaks hoarsely in the hall.
The birds are silent in the wood,
Save here and there some moaning dove,
Or redbreast heavy with its mood,
And Life grows faint and fainter, Love.

The meadows spread all wan and drencht;
Slack snowdrifts lean against the hedge;
The knotted fallows, deeply trencht,
Are frozen fast: upon the edge
Of whitening pools the cattle stare—
While hoar with icy rime above
Gaunt bushes meet the tingling air,
And Life grows cold and colder, Love.

Give me your hand. 'Tis true and firm.
What matter how we thus grow old?
Or life speeds out? or fires that burn
Decay so fast? Ah, still enfold
My life with yours; warm heart, warm hand,
They thaw the frosts of Time, and clear
All shadows, till in happier Land
Our life grows bright and brighter, Dear.

ALFRED NORRIS.



THE DUKE OF KIMBROUGH.

Born August 6, 1844. Fourth child, second son,
of Queen Victoria.

THE GRAND-DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA.

Born 17th (6th) October, 1833. Fourth child, only daughter, of the Czar
of Russia, the Emperor Alexander.

MATTHEW MORRISON: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

CHAPTER I.—MY BIRTHPLACE AND PARENTAGE.

TILL now I never thought of writing a book. Not that I am unaccustomed to the art of composition, having not only indited many sermons since I became a probationer, but a pamphlet on the religious and physical condition of the poorer classes in our large towns, offered by me to a publisher ten years ago, but which it did not suit him to accept, except on terms to which prudence forbade me to accede. Still, I am doubtful if my gifts fit me to become an author, for I have never been what is called a "popular" preacher; though at the same time it is but justice to myself to mention that divers judicious persons have expressed favourable opinions anent my pulpit ministrations. One thing, however, is certain—my gifts, whatever they amount to, have never yet procured me a manse and stipend.

I was sitting some evenings ago in my parlour in the old town of Edinburgh. I was somewhat low in spirits, for the weather had been very rainy for some weeks, and the quiet street in which I live is particularly dull at such seasons. I was resting in my easy-chair by the fireside, and as my eyes were fixed upon the glowing embers I began, half-consciously, to make out pictures in them.

I know not how it happened, but that night the whole fire seemed thronged with old scenes and faces. They shifted and changed like the shadows on a green hill-side, allowing me time to recognise them, and then vanishing. There was the manse I was born in, with the little round window that looked like the eye of the house, high up in the front gable; the garden behind, with its trim walks edged with box; the grass plot, with its border of snowdrops and white lilies in their seasons, on one side; and on the other, separated from the manse by a low wall and a row of beech-trees, the sloping braes of the kirk glen with the burn wimpling between them. As to the faces—they were those of some once very dear to me, but who have long passed away, leaving me a lonely grey-haired man.

And as I mused over the old times, the thought somehow came into my mind to write the story of my life. I do it not with an eye to publicity, though if these experiences of mine are found in my repositories at my death, my executors are at liberty to make what use of them they please.

When I read the biography of any man, I am not satisfied unless it gives me a clear impression of who and what were they to whom he owed his being, and his first impulses towards good or evil. Judging of other minds by my own, I therefore purpose to give some account of my honoured parents and of my *calf-days*, before entering on the events of my riper and more experienced years. I must premise, however, that I have nothing striking or new to tell. But though my life hath been chequered by little that is strange and marvellous, though I have not been visited by unusual storms or blessed with much sunshine, I hold it a truth that the history of the humblest individual, faithfully rendered, hath in it both solemn and instructive lessons. Who, indeed, can paint aright the struggling inner life—the hopes, the joys, the sorrows, the weary, weary conflicts of an immortal soul?

I was born in an old-fashioned manse in a quiet southland parish. A bonny green spot it was, lying among hills that gathered round as if seeking to hide it in their bosom. It was a land of rich pasture and of springing water; every hillside had its rill, gushing and sparkling in the sunshine, and singing the praises of Him who can bless and beautify the solitary wilderness. Our farmers devoted themselves less to raising corn than to rearing cattle. The numerous herds and flocks which speckled the face of the country were an animating sight; and I still seem to hear the deep lowings and bleatings which echoed from hill to hill, in the calm quiet evenings of summer. What the grassy slopes of Bashan and Gilead were to the pastoral tribes of ancient Israel, our hills were to the simple but independent race that dwelt among them.

In imagination I am again sitting on one of the green slopes. It is evening, and the shadows are fast lengthening on the grass. Around me, hill rises behind hill, none of them attaining great elevation, but green and smooth to the very summits. Here and there is a scanty sprinkling of brushwood; but trees there are none, except those patriarchal ones which shade the roofs of the lone farmhouses and shepherds' cots that peep out from the quiet openings in the hills. At different points streams glitter in the setting sun. Yonder goes a long file of milch cows towards a gate, lowing impatiently for the loitering milkers; how long and fantastic are the shadows of the cattle upon the sward! Hark to the bleating of the lambs from the higher pastures, and to the mothers' response!

And there beneath, to the right, is my old home—manse and kirk and kirkyard glinting in the evening sunshine. There is the quaint two-leafed door, innocent in our time of lock and key, and often left unbarred at night—with little Kate, our spaniel dog, lying on its step. Yonder is the mossy apple-tree, on a branch of which my poor brother Archie and I used to play at see-saw; with the great barberry bush beside it—many a pricked finger did it give us when gathering its fruit for my mother to pickle. That sunny orchard sloping so gradually to the little burn, what sports we have had under its old gnarled trees; the sunshine is still trickling like water down their trunks, and flooding the turf beneath with bright quivering patches. And on that stone seat under the large pear-tree, how often did my mother sit at her seam while we played among the trees at "hide and seek" or "Jenny Jo"!

The kirk is ancient, and has the smallest of belfries. The people said the bell was cracked, which might account for the unpunctuality of many of them on Sabbaths. But to me it seemed to utter sweet music; and it was a proud moment of my life when old David, our betheral, permitted me for the first time to ring it. With what awe and reverence did I use to peep into the dusky hole in which it hung silent from Sabbath to Sabbath, for to me the bell was instinct with a strange, mysterious life, and I would not have been shut up alone with it for a world! In the dreary, gusty winter nights, indeed, the thought of it was a terror to me.

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Once more I turn my eyes on the green hills and swelling pastures. There may be a bareness, a monotony in the landscape to those accustomed to a rich and wooded country, but to me it seems very calm, very peaceful, strangely beautiful—like the face of a sweet and gracious woman.

CHAPTER II.—DOMESTIC LIFE.

My father was minister of the parish, a devout and worthy man, who discharged his duties conscientiously, but cared little to make a noise in the world. He was a person of considerable erudition, however, and read in his Greek Testament every morning. He was of a stately presence even at the time when I can best remember him—when he was well up in years, and which harmonised well with a certain formality of manner which usually impressed strangers.

He was of middle age before he got possession of the living, having been for twelve years assistant and successor to the previous minister, Dr. Bertie, who was in feeble health. My mother was very young when she became engaged to him, and she waited patiently all these years, though she saw her youth and bloom departing from her, and had more than one opportunity of being comfortably settled in life; but it was James Morrison or no one. They were married whenever the manse was put in order. A legacy of a few hundred pounds, opportunely left to my father by a distant relative, furnished it. The furniture was all good substantial mahogany, fitted to stand wear and tear, with no carving or ornamental work about it. My mother provided the necessary silver articles, the blankets and napery, her own chest of drawers, and the best bed with the brown moreen curtains, which now stands in my guest chamber, the hangings being, of course, somewhat worn and faded with the use of years.

My mother had little portion, but she made up for it by her thrift. She was one who could "put to her hand," as the saying is; make her husband's shirts, knit his stockings—ay, cook his dinner if need were, and yet at all times be a lady. It used to be said of her that her sixpence went as far as most people's shilling; but it was not from penuriousness, she had a wise liberality of spirit. She was a person of low stature and slim make, with a pale but clear complexion and gentle look. Everybody liked her, for she was no scandalmonger, but ever loving peace and quietness. She had a peculiar knack in helping people to help themselves, procuring spinning for the old women, and little jobs about the gentlemen's policies and farmers' steadings for the bairns; and this she said was better than almsgiving, for it fostered independence.

Nor was her own wheel idle, she could spin with the best of them; and not merely on the little fancy wheel on which ladies of that time spun fine lint in their parlours, but on the "muckle wheel" itself. She kept it in the nursery, and on it she and Bell, our old bairn's-maid, spun many a roll of white woollen stuff, and many a goodly piece of linen, fine, and yet of a strength and durability that would laugh to scorn most of the fabrics of the present day.

It was during the winter season that the wheel was busiest. Let me try to recall one of those long-past evenings, the remembrance of which has such a melancholy charm for me.

It is a keen frosty night, and all is silent and glim-

mering white out of doors. The beech-trees stretch their bare wintry arms motionless against the sky; the rime is fast settling down upon them, and upon the shrubs that border the walk. I cannot see this from the nursery, but I got a glimpse of it from the staircase window as we came up from the parlour after tea. The panes to-morrow morning will be dim and rich with the fantastic blazonry which an invisible finger has already begun to trace upon them. The stars are looking solemnly down on the skylight window of our nursery. I have been glancing timidly up at them at intervals since they have appeared, for they awe me, these stars; they exercise a kind of weird influence over me which forces me to watch them. I love the window in the daytime, though its only view is a little patch of sky, and though the raindrops often patter so fiercely upon it as to make me hide my head in Bell's lap in terror—for there the blythe light streams in, and the birds come twittering around it; but at night I am haunted by these mysterious eyelike stars, which seem gazing in on me from the darkness.

And yet the sky window is not the object of greatest dread to me in our peaceful nursery. There is the Dark end, as it is called in the household, so near that to cross the intervening space which separates it from the nursery and leads to the staircase its door must be passed, sunk so deeply in the shadow of the great napery press that one can never be quite certain it is shut; for the little round window in the front gable alone gives light to this dusky vestibule. This apartment was a large lumber-room corresponding to the nursery, whose window had been boarded up to save the tax. It was never entered by any one but my mother, who kept her store of wool and lint in it. A great chest covered with a hairy skin and ornamented with rows of tarnished brass nails, stood in the centre of the room, concerning which there was a household tradition that it was full of important law papers, which, examined properly, would be found to entitle us to a fortune. When old enough to attempt this, I found they had belonged to the relative who left my father a legacy, and that they were only receipts and old business letters.

We youngsters firmly believed that this room was haunted by an evil spirit. I suspect the notion originated from some undefined threatenings of Bell's in a time of nursery insubordination, which our imaginations invested with supernatural horrors. We occasionally ventured into it in our mother's company, for our confidence in her protection was unlimited, and our curiosity was at least as great as our fears; besides, the winter's provision of apples lay in one corner: but the door must always be set wide open, and the slightest flickering of the candle, which was necessary there even in the daytime, would make us fly from the room in terror.

Notwithstanding its questionable neighbourhood, the nursery is a cheerful room on a winter's evening. A lamp burns on the table, but the chief light is from the fire, which blazes brightly from the frosty air, and beside the high fender my mother sits at her wheel. She wears a white apron to save her gown from the lint she spins. We bairns—there were three of us—are clustered round her, admiring how fast she turns the wheel, and shouting with mischievous glee when the thread chances to snap. My mother, though not a trained singer, had a voice as clear and sweet as a lantie's; and many an old tune she knew, the sound of which now—especially when

heard unexpectedly—ever gives me a pain at the heart. And there she would sit in her own particular high-backed chair, and sing to us such songs as "My boy Tammie," or that most pathetic of Scottish ditties, "The flowers o' the forest;" or else tell us old-fashioned nursery stories, which, if they had not much sense, had somehow a wonderful charm. And thus the evening would pass till we heard my father's study door open and the parlour bell ring, which summoned us to go downstairs for family worship.

And winter after winter can I recall these simple domestic scenes, which were rarely interrupted by visitors. We lived so solitary a life that a new robin-redbreast come to the parlour window to be fed, or the track of a hare through the snow, was regarded by us as a striking incident. But where were children more happy than we?

CHAPTER III.—MY SCHOOL DAYS—THE GENTRY OF THE PARISH.

I WAS the youngest of the family. Archie, the eldest of us, was a gallant, frank-hearted laddie, with the curliest black hair and the bluest eyes I ever saw. My father allowed him to choose a profession, and he fixed upon that of medicine, hoping to get an appointment on board a man-of-war. He had a great yearning after a seafaring life, and he well knew that his mother would never consent to his entering the navy but as a peaceful surgeon. He and I were very unlike each other. My highest ambition was to be the minister of a quiet rural parish like my father: I disliked change and tumult. Our sister Mary was a bonny, sprightly lassie, with far more of Archie's disposition than of mine. She was her father's darling—the very apple of his eye.

Archie and I were sent to the parish school. My experiences there were far from pleasant, for the master was one of those mean souls who tyrannise over the weak and timid, and wink at the faults of the bold. I had only one friend at school—young Adam Bowman, of the Culdees Loch Farm. How vividly these old times come back to me as I write his name! His father was a thriving farmer, and Adam was his only child. I loved him as only a shy, solitary boy can love the companion who astonishes him by his preference. I loved him, do I say?—I love him still. More than forty years have rolled over Adam's head and mine since that period, and truly our friendship hath been somewhat like that of Jonathan and David, even "passing the love of woman."

When Archie was fourteen he was sent to Edinburgh College; Mary was placed in a boarding-school in that city at the same time. Our parents thought that a good education was the best portion they could bestow on their children, and my mother's thrift and wise foresight rendered it possible. I was too young then for college, and my health was delicate. This did me the good service of transferring me from Mr. Bairnsfather's tuition to my father's, under which I really began to learn. I was much in the open air, my mother thinking it better physic for me than all the doctors' drugs in the kingdom. Sheep-shearings, wanderings by the burn in the glen till every wavy link of it was familiar to me, lyings on the grass in the orchard watching the blue sky and the sunshine stealing through the fluttering leaves of the spreading boughs, made every summer there like a long holiday. Besides, I was always my mother's companion in her visits either to rich or poor.

Of the former we had only two resident families within walking distance—Mr. Kennedy of Hallcraigs, and the Farquharsons of the Hirsell. The Kennedys were only with us during the summer and autumn; they always spent the winter in Edinburgh. They were a fine family, and much respected in the district. Hallcraigs was a large property, and the mansion-house was a handsome modern building, with a very tasty lawn and shrubbery, and many neat, well-kept walks about it.

The Hirsell family were of a more ancient pattern of manners—your regular proud old gentry standing up for all the privileges of their order, and not yielding an iota of them, though it might amount to nothing more important than the splitting of a straw. But their family tree was of far greater longitude than their rent roll in these days, and that might partly account for it. The founder of the family had been one of the greatest reivers of his time on the Scottish border, carrying off sometimes a hundred head of cattle at a sweep, besides setting every barnyard and farmhouse he met with on the English border during his raid in a low, as Miss Philadelphia Farquharson used often to boast. I marvelled to hear her talk thus to my mother, thinking that if her forbear had reared and fed the stirks instead of stolen them, it would have been more creditable to the family. But I dared not say so to Miss Philly, being but a young lad, and standing much in awe of her; for truly she had a touch of the old reiver's grimness about her own aspect, especially about her mouth and cheek-bones, which were very square and strong. Her voice, too, was harsh and masculine in its tones; and few were courageous enough to differ from her; and my mother, whom the mere waff of Miss Philly's garments was almost sufficient to knock down, was certainly not one of them.

Miss Farquharson was more womanly, though quite as stately as her younger sister; but having the misfortune to be born with a club foot, which she tried to conceal by wearing long gowns, was not very active in her habits. A short walk round the garden after breakfast was the extent of her daily exercise. She used to sit for the greater part of the day on a settee in the drawing-room, working at something called knotting, with a volume of Sir Charles Grandison or the "Spectator" on a little long-legged table beside her. Anything more modern in literature she professed to despise as wholly unfitted to form the taste or correct the morals of the age. Flowers she seemed to have no love for, nor had she even a cat or a dog for a pet, and she reminded one of nothing so much as of a great wooden doll made to utter sounds and imitate human actions by some internal machinery.

She was very precise and punctual in all her habits. I still remember the air of offended dignity with which she exhibited the face of an ancient heirloom of a watch to my parents, on one of the rare occasions on which we were invited to drink tea at the Hirsell. "Mr. and Mrs. Morrison," she said, "are you aware that you are fully five minutes behind your time?"

It was a most uncomfortable house to bairns, who were expected to sit still in their chairs all the evening, and were constantly admonished not to spill their tea or scatter crumbs upon the carpet; and Miss Philly cut the bread-and-butter shamefully thin.

As for Mr. Farquharson, the laird, he seemed a

man who had found a narrow snuff-drop fire, and Miss Philly included. I confess I and content

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man who had come into the world by mistake, and had found nothing to do in it. He was a tall, stooping, narrow-chested, melancholy-looking gentleman, with a long drooping nose, which had generally a snuff-drop attached to it; who sat very close to the fire, and was always talking about taking medicine. Miss Philly managed all his affairs for him, doctoring included. He never condescended to notice me, and I confess that I cherished a strong but secret dislike and contempt for him.

It was a peaked, ivy-covered, rambling old house, the Hirsels, with somewhat of the look of a fortalice about it; and, indeed, the most ancient part of it was said to have been built by the old reiver himself. There the most trivial domestic arrangements were matters of solemn debate and deliberation, as if the welfare of the whole community around depended on whether the green terrace walk was mown this day or the next, or on Peggy cook putting a corn more pepper in the soup. They would have thought that the world was coming to its end if they could have been made to understand how little their neighbours cared about them.

No beggar was bold enough to venture up the Hirsels avenue, for the family purposely kept a dog of so ferocious a disposition chained close to the kitchen door, that no stranger durst approach him. And, truly, it is my deliberate opinion that persons who take such precautions to keep the poor at a distance from their habitations, deserve the contempt and execration of men, though they should be able to count their lineage as far back as to the days of Noah.

The summer vacations always brought back Archie and Mary to the manse. It was a great pleasure to us to hear the town news, and to see how proficient in all lady accomplishments our Mary was growing, for she could not only play the pianoforte, but she could execute curious embroideries and even pictures in silk.

I look up as I write to one of these pictures, which, framed and glazed, hangs above my chimney-piece. It represents a female figure bending over a grave and strewing flowers upon it. She leans upon a monument, and a tree, probably intended for a weeping willow, droops above it. It is a fanciful and tasteful piece, but it rouses a crowd of painful memories in my bosom. Alas! the hand that wrought it has long been mouldering in the grave.

NOTES ON NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

NEXT to Australia, New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is twice the size of the British Isles, being nearly fourteen hundred miles in length, and in the widest part four hundred in breadth. The interior of this great country is perfectly unknown; but we may hope that in a few years Christian philanthropists and the lovers of science will succeed in opening up this land of lofty mountains and great rivers. Considerable interest is felt by many in England with regard to New Guinea. But a great deal more interest is felt in Australia. And rightly so; for New Guinea is nearer to Australia than even Tasmania. The late proclamation of the imperial government brings the frontiers of the immense province of Queensland to within twenty miles of the southern

coast of New Guinea. The ill-fated Maria expedition was but an outburst of the popular feeling on this subject, and nothing would be easier at any time than to get up a similar expedition for the purpose of gold-digging and colonisation from the port of Sydney.

The two vast islands bear the same name in the language of the Straits and of the south-western part of New Guinea—*Daudai*; Australia being *Great Daudai*, New Guinea *Lesser Daudai*. Doubtless in ages past the two formed one great southern continent. This idea of oneness forced itself very strongly upon my mind during my late visit (at the end of 1872). Torres Straits are so completely studded with islands and sandbanks that the voyager does not realise that he has broken off from Australia. The water is everywhere so shallow that it naturally suggests a late irruption of sea over very low land. One reef connects both, so that to cross the Straits is like sailing across a vast lagoon.

Many points of similarity exist between the two Daudais. Kangaroos, opossums, dingoes, and cassowaries abound in both. The famous mound-building birds (the *Megapodius tumulus*), the brush turkey, and the pheasant inhabit New Guinea, North Australia, and the intervening islands. The delicious nutmeg pigeon (*Carpophaga luctuosa*) has its home in New Guinea; but about the month of November comes over to Australia in thousands for the purpose of incubation. The wild nutmeg-tree grows like a weed in many parts of Northern Australia, the Straits Islands, and New Guinea. It is a pity that the fruit could not be utilised. On the little island of Tauan, close to the south-western coast of New Guinea, I frequently held services with some of our Rarotongan evangelists under the pleasant shade of a nutmeg grove. That valuable tree, the *Mimusops Kauki*, flourishes on both sides of the Straits and on the Islands. The fruit is dried in the sun and strung for use in seasons of scarcity. Its shape and sweetness have occasioned the misnomer of "date" among the whites.

It has been said that "the marine shell-fish found in the shallow waters of the shores of New Guinea are quite different from those which are met with upon the coasts of Australia." This statement does not accord with my experience; for we picked up abundance of *whelks*, *spinula*, *cuscuta*, *turritella spiralis*, and the common *margarifera* on the south-western coast of New Guinea, and on the north-eastern coast of Australia. The New Guinea *margarifera* were much inferior to those on the Australian coast; owing probably to the continual drainage of fresh water from the moist coast of New Guinea, whilst the opposite shore is wonderfully dry. The beautiful golden-tipped pearl oyster (*avicula*) is found close to the shores of New Guinea, as well as all along the great barrier reef of North-East Australia. The centre of diving for the *avicula* is about nine or ten miles south of Bristowe Island, which is an integral portion of New Guinea. The distance from Australia would be about seventy miles. Now the *avicula* is found all along the coast of York Peninsula. It seems to me that there is a wonderful similarity between the littoral and marine shells of the opposite coasts. But at the Murray Islands—which lie midway between the two Daudais at the widest part of the Straits, close to the eastern limit of the Great Barrier Reef—there is a great variety of beautiful shells, not (I think) to be met with on the coast of either

New Guinea or Australia. And this is just what one might expect from the position of those islands.

There are also striking differences between the two Daudais. The soil of North Australia is particularly dry and barren, whilst that of New Guinea is covered with the rankest tropical vegetation. Australian forests yield but little shade, but the dense continuous forests of New Guinea defy exploration. Trees of vast height and girth shut out the sky. Underneath are tree-ferns of great beauty (the frond of one exceeded the length of our five-oared boat), *Kentia procera*, and other strange palms, intermingled with exogenous trees, whilst vines hung their delicate drapery from the loftiest trees to the ground.

The reason for this difference is not far to seek. There are no very lofty mountains in Australia—none to compare with the glorious Owen Stanley range, which at some forty miles from the shore rises almost perpendicularly to the height of 13,205 feet. At the back of these is a still loftier range, as yet unnamed, whose summit, veiled in cloud or snow, probably human feet will never tread. The countless streams which rush down the gorges and valleys in the rainy season convert the low lands into one vast morass. Hence the malaria which afflicts the sea-coast of New Guinea. Towards the east, where the life-giving trade winds blow, the climate becomes more salubrious. Doubtless, in the interior there are table-lands with a temperate climate.

That two species of kangaroo should climb trees in New Guinea—incredible as it may seem to some—is one of those striking adaptations to the swampy character of the country which evince the wise arrangement of a Divine Hand. We had painful experience of a large ant (a quarter of an inch long) which makes its nest in the branches of lofty trees, cleverly bending the leaves and glueing the edges together.

On the coast* of Australia there are no cocoa-nut trees, save a few planted by our own countrymen in late years, whilst the shores of New Guinea are lined with interminable groves of this most useful palm. The finest cocoa-nuts I ever saw grew on Bampton Island, in sight of the entrance to the Fly River. Certainly the cocoa-palm could not grow as luxuriantly in Australia as in New Guinea, on account of the immense difference of soil, the one being so humid, the other so arid. Yet a great change might be effected even in Northern Australia by an industrious people. In sailing along the coast of North-Eastern Australia the eye wearied of the monotonous sand-ranges, condemned to perpetual barrenness unless the cocoa-nut be hereafter planted there. On the contrary, the shores of New Guinea are everywhere covered with primeval forest, and after passing Yule Island to the eastward become an ever-varying panorama of tropical loveliness.

It is usually assumed that the aborigines of western New Guinea are a totally distinct race from those of Australia. Is this really the case? Everybody knows that the Papuans dwell in fixed habitations, whilst the Australian blacks, like their own cassowaries and emus, ceaselessly roam the desert. Yet the Australian black is not deficient in original talent, as is very evident from their stone axes, canoes, fishing nets, etc., which I have seen in North Queensland. May not the difference in the physical features of the country account for the difference in

* The cocoa palm does not grow at a distance of more than twenty miles from the ocean, the salt air being necessary to its existence.

the habits of the two races? In both there is the same wretched system of numeration, neither being able to count ten. The aborigines of Australia are a lanky, half-starved race, whilst those of South-Western New Guinea are well-developed and sleek. Nor is this difference surprising, as the latter are a settled race, possessed of abundance of good taro, bananas, yams, and cocoa-nuts; whilst the former subsist chiefly on innutritious seeds, fruits, and roots. The absence of the cocoa-nut and other valuable palms from Australia is sufficient to account for the immense physical deterioration that has been going on for centuries.

Two distinct races inhabit New Guinea: the Papuan, or black, which prevails from the noble Manumanu River all along the south-west coast, and the light-coloured Malay race which occupies the eastern peninsula. The Papuans are absolutely nude, and like the allied races in Australia, the Straits, and Melanesia (with a few exceptions, where they have intermixed with the lighter race), are not circumcised. They glory in their nakedness, and consider clothing to be fit only for women. These Papuans are a muscular race, and are taller than their light-skinned fellow-countrymen in the eastern peninsula. They are better fed than the inhabitants of Redscar Bay, and are accustomed to exchange their surplus produce for the pearl oyster-shell furnished by the Jervis Islanders, who have but little food of their own.

The Papuans are incorrigible smokers. It is done by inhalation. Very strange it was to see them with closed mouths expel the smoke through the nostrils, and even through the ears, sometimes falling down insensible. They grow their own tobacco. Men, women, and children smoke day and night, ashore and afloat. In so unhealthy a climate may not this practice be somehow beneficial?

The inhabitants of Redscar Bay, who are of a rich olive complexion, obviously form a part of that great family which has spread all over central and eastern Pacific, from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands in the one direction, and from Tonga to Easter Island in the other. "Mata," for "eye," is the same in Malay, at Redscar, and in all the Polynesian dialects. "Haine," the Redscar Bay word for "woman," is obviously the same as the Rarotongan "vaine," the Tahitian "vahine," and the Samoan "fafine." "Rima" is "hand" at Tahiti and Rarotonga, "lima" at Samoa, "ima" (dropping the *r*) at Redscar; or, reduplicated, "imaima." The word for "hand" at Redscar, as throughout the Polynesian dialects, also signifies "five," there being five fingers on each hand. The unity of these races is no longer a speculation, but an ascertained fact.

The light-skinned men of the south-eastern peninsula have the instinct of shame, which alone elevates them immeasurably above the black aborigines of the south-west coast of New Guinea. All wear a narrow, insufficient girdle. Strangely enough they are uncircumcised. In general the Polynesians are a circumcised race. As the exploration of New Guinea proceeds, it will be interesting to learn whether the other light-skinned aborigines practise this rite; and, where it is disused, whether a distinct reason can be assigned for the omission, as the writer has traced in some parts of Polynesia.

The Redscar Bay natives occasionally use tobacco, but greatly prefer to chew the betel-nut. Does not this indicate that the areca palm does not flourish in

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the low, swampy coast of south-western New Guinea? We obtained several prettily-ornamented flasks filled with chunam.

The two races build their dwellings similarly; that is, on high stakes, to avoid the annual inundation and attacks from alligators and serpents. In Redscar Bay we miss the enormously long houses which prevail from the Fly River westward, and in which great numbers of couples live in tiny compartments. At Manumanu the houses are comparatively small, but all two-storied. In the distance the village seemed like a long double row of enormous pigeon-houses.

The Redscar Bay people, like some of the Australian aborigines, delight in extraordinary nasal ornaments. These are mostly straight; but some curve outwardly, as if in imitation of the horns of a bull. The natives of Mauat—the part of the south-western coast where we landed several times—used but few nasal adornments, although the *septum* was invariably pierced.

The women of Manumanu and the neighbouring villages were better clothed than their dark-skinned sisters in the west. They use the leaf of that odd-looking palm, the *Nipa fruticans*, in making their neat girdles. Indeed, the Redscar natives generally are a superior race, anxious for clothing, and courteous to strangers. The women are adepts in the manufacture of coarse pottery, several specimens of which we purchased. A glass bottle in which we put sand excited great admiration as to the nature of the *clay* which could produce *transparent* pottery! These women were exquisitely tattooed—face, arms, legs, and body. The men being slightly marked, made amends by smearing red paint on the forehead, wearing white cowries and the chignon, surmounted by head-dresses of white and green parakeet feathers. Infants are invariably carried on their mothers' backs in nets, these nets being suspended by a string from the forehead. In this particular they resemble some tribes of Australian blacks.

The timid, shrinking, down-trodden Negrillo women were not seen by us on the mainland. They were secreted in the bush with the pigs and other valuables. The women we saw belonged to Tauan, Saibai, Bampton Island, etc., all bordering on the coast of Lesser Daudai.

But the most striking difference is this, that the black race is naturally fierce and warlike. In the neighbourhood of the Fly River they are avowedly cannibal, whilst the light-coloured race are gentle and friendly. The terrible bow—of male bamboo—used by the Mauat warrior, is superseded at Manumanu by a very inferior wooden bow. The Manumanu shield seemed made for ornament rather than use.

I may here observe that during the eight weeks spent by us in New Guinea waters in the hottest season of the year, we suffered but little inconvenience from the great heat. This we attribute to the entire avoidance of ardent spirits, and the frequent use of *tea* as a beverage. Those around us who continually drank rum suffered a good deal.

In December, 1872, in conjunction with the Rev. A. W. Murray, I landed two teachers and their wives on Bampton Island (Bārama) near the entrance to the Fly River. Never were evangelists located under seemingly more favourable circumstances. We wandered freely over the island unarmed, entered their dwellings, and partook of their hospitality. And yet, only a few weeks afterwards, these same islanders

picked a quarrel with our teachers, and, because the poor fellows hesitated to give them all the property designed for the purchase of food, the whole party was massacred. Verily the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel. On the low shores of Redscar Bay a party of thirteen Rarotongans were stationed. They all suffered greatly from intermittent fever, three of them dying from that cause. But the light-skinned aborigines were uniformly kind and helpful down to the date of their removal to Cape York by Captain Moresby, of the Basilisk. This exactly corresponds with the estimate we formed of the Manumanu natives, who treat their own women so chivalrously. I would tender my best thanks to the captain and the doctor of H.M.S. Basilisk for their timely assistance in rescuing the missionary party at Manumanu. A small steamer, the Ellangowan, has just been purchased in England for the service of the New Guinea Mission, mainly the gift of Miss Baxter, of Dundee. Three experienced missionaries are about to enter that important field of labour. May God speed these heroes of the cross!

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory.—St. John ii. 11.

L O! the beginning of the end. At morn
The wan face of the melancholy main—
That all night long beneath the moon hath lain,
A death in life, of all but hope forlorn—
Catches the glory of the light new born.
Rose-red the joyful waters greet the hour
Rich with the promise of meridian power,
And smile the cold moon's memory to scorn.
So turned our Sun the water into wine!
So watchers for the dawn in Cana saw
That orient splendour and the paling Law;
So had they precious foretaste of the Vine
Whose fruit in full and ever-flowing tide
Makes glad the City of the mystic Bride.

Varieties.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—The great siege of Gibraltar, which was commenced in 1779, ended only with the Peace of 1783. The Artillery, all ranks included, numbered only 485. The lowest estimate of their losses was 196. There were fired during the siege 200,600 rounds and 8,000 barrels of powder. At the termination of the siege there were standing mounted on the works 548 pieces of ordnance. The device, afterwards used by the Russians at Sebastopol, was tried during the defence of Gibraltar. Guns were sunk in the sand and fired with dangerous charges at high elevations, and on the other hand means were devised for depressing the guns as much as 70 degrees. The blockade commenced in 1779, and was so well enforced that fowls sold for over a guinea a couple, *tea* for £2 5s. 6d. a pound, eggs about 5d. each, and a cabbage for 1s. 7½d. But neither hunger nor scurvy could tame the garrison, neither could the bombardment, which came in 1781, though the gunners were sometimes so exhausted that their fire had to be slackened to allow them to sleep for awhile. On the 27th of November,

1781, a grand sortie was made, wherein 114 artillerymen took part, to accompany the columns, spike the captured guns, and destroy the Spanish works. The sortie was perfectly successful. But the most interesting event of the siege was the grand attack by sea and land on the 13th of September, 1782, when 200 pieces of ordnance mounted on "stupendous and strong batteries and works," protected by an army of 40,000 men, combined with a fleet of 47 sail of the line, 10 battering ships carrying 212 guns, and a host of smaller craft, to shower shot and shell upon the devoted garrison. For a whole day the artillery could make no impression on the shields of the battering ships, but at last confusion was visible among the enemy, the Admiral's ship took fire from the effect of the red-hot shot, and during that night and the next day all the battering ships were destroyed. On the 2nd of February, 1783, the exchange of shots ceased, and friendly courtesies ensued between the brave men who would have taken Gibraltar and those who saved it for their country. The Duc de Crillon said afterwards to the officers of Artillery, "Gentlemen, I would rather see you here as friends than on your batteries as enemies, where you never spared me."—*Captain Duncan's History of the Royal Artillery.*

BUTTER ADULTERATION.—While the London dealers have been denying the assertions of analysts and consumers as to the adulteration of fresh butter by suet, the "Pall Mall" reports that this is a well-known and prosperous branch of trade in America:—"Very good butter, it is stated, is prepared now by a butter manufactory at New York, according to the following process:—Agents are employed to visit slaughter-houses, and buy up all the beef suet. This is carted to the factory and cleansed. Then it is put into meat choppers and minced fine. It is afterwards placed in a boiler with as much water in bulk as itself. A steam-pipe is introduced among the particles of suet, and they are melted. The refuse of the membrane goes to the bottom of the water, the oily substance floats, and is removed. This consists of butter matter and stearine. A temperature of 80 degrees melts the former, and leaves the stearine at the bottom. The butter matter or cream is drawn off; about 13 per cent. of fresh milk is added and the necessary salt, and the whole is churned for 10 or 15 minutes. The result is Orange county butter at about one-half the usual cost. The stearine is sold at 12 cents a pound to the candle-maker, and the refuse at 7 cents a pound to the manufacturer of food for cattle. A company with a capital of 500,000 dollars has been organised for the manufacture of butter by this method, and it is expected that the dividends will amount to 100 per cent.

PARKS OF LONDON.—The following are the measurements of the parks of London and its neighbourhood, as noted by the Ordnance Survey:—The Regent's Park, 406 acres; Hyde Park, 386; Kensington Gardens, 245½; Victoria Park, 223½; Battersea Park, 129½; Greenwich Park, 190½; Southwark Park, 63; Green Park, 60½; St. James's Park, 58½; and Kennington Park 19½ acres. These ten parks are situated within the registration district denominated "London," which comprises an area of 78,080 acres. The proportion of park ground to the whole area of the London district is about one forty-second part. Besides these metropolitan parks, the people of London, who can afford or choose to travel some distance, can find magnificent public parks at Hampton Court, Richmond, Bushey, Kew, and Old Deer, and these five present an additional area of not less than 4,200 acres.

ZANZIBAR TREATY.—The material part of the convention actually concluded with the Sultan of Zanzibar is as follows:—"1. The provisions of the existing treaties having proved ineffectual for preventing the export of slaves from the territories of the Sultan of Zanzibar in Africa, Her Majesty the Queen and His Highness the Sultan above-named agree that from this date the export of slaves from the coast of the mainland of Africa, whether destined for transport from one part of the Sultan's dominions to another or for conveyance to foreign parts, shall entirely cease. And His Highness the Sultan binds himself, to the best of his ability, to make an effectual arrangement throughout his dominions, to prevent and abolish the same; and any vessel engaged in the transport or conveyance of slaves after this date shall be liable to seizure and condemnation by all such naval or other officers or agents and such courts as may be authorised for that purpose on the part of Her Majesty. 2. His Highness the Sultan engages that all public markets in his dominions for the buying and selling of imported slaves shall be entirely closed. 3. His Highness the Sultan above-named engages to protect, to the utmost of his ability, all liberated slaves, and to punish severely any attempt to molest them or to reduce them again to slavery. 4. Her Britannic Majesty engages that natives of Indian States under British

protection shall be prohibited from possessing slaves, and from acquiring any fresh slaves in the meantime, from this date."

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—We have some reason to suppose that there are, perhaps, 4,000,000 of the Queen's subjects members of friendly societies, and we have also reason to suppose that a very large proportion of the whole number of societies is insolvent.—*Report of Friendly Societies' Parliamentary Commission.*

LUTHER'S FIRST STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—Many will remember at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, two or three years ago, the fine picture by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., representing young Luther when a monk in the convent at Erfurt, first reading for himself the ancient Bible in the library. It has been proposed to purchase the picture by public subscription, and present it to the British and Foreign Bible Society of London, to be placed in the library of the new house of the Society, in Queen Victoria-street, as an appropriate memorial of a leading event in the history of the Bible. The project has met with the cordial approval of the Society, and the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., is the chairman of the committee. The amount required as the price of the picture is £1000, of which above half has been already promised. An engraving of the picture appears in the "Sunday at Home" for January.

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.—A pension being offered to Sir Edward Codrington, the hero of Navarino, by the Duke of Wellington on the part of the Government, the Admiral declined, on grounds which did him the highest honour. The recently published Life of Codrington gives the following account of the scene with the duke:—"I have made arrangements by which I am enabled to offer you a pension of £800 for your life." The admiral's answer was ready and immediate. 'I am obliged to your Grace, but I do not feel myself in a position to accept it.' 'Not accept it? But why not? The king has offered it to you, and I don't see how you can well refuse it.' 'Your Grace must excuse me; I cannot receive such a thing myself while my poor fellows who fought under me at Navarino have had no head-money, and have not even been repaid for their clothes which were destroyed in the battle.'

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL.—In the life of Admiral Codrington we find an anecdote not generally known, respecting Nelson's famous signal before the battle of Trafalgar:—"His lordship said, 'Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty,' and he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word "expects" for "confides," the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, but the word "confides" must be spelt.' His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pascoe; make it directly.'

TRADESMEN'S ACCOUNTS.—A correspondent writes as follows on the evil and misery caused by people not paying their debts regularly to their tradesmen and servants. The evil is as notable in London as in any provincial town. "I live in Leamington, and continually see how the thoughtlessness of many of the inhabitants, who think the tradespeople can wait their convenience to receive but their due, brings distress and sometimes bankruptcy. To avoid this they are obliged to borrow money at a very high rate of interest. Many a shop-keeper has said to me, 'Could you lend me a few pounds till my Christmas bills are paid. I dare not again send in my bill till quarter-day, for fear of giving offence, and so losing their custom altogether; and not only that, but they will speak against my shop to their friends.'

"A lady frequently goes and orders a dress, the material of which the maker is desired to procure with all the et ceteras to it. This lady forgets that the dressmaker has to pay her bills of purchase, often monthly, besides the assistants weekly, rent and taxes, food, etc., etc. Yet ladies thoughtlessly ask the dressmaker to wait for her payment for a year or more.

"Butlers are desired to pay for cab hire, carriage of parcels, etc., without having money given to them on hand for the purpose; this obliges them to pay away their own money, and then they are unable to meet their own expenses, especially if they have a wife and family to provide for, till it suits their masters' convenience to settle with them.

"Servants' wages are often not paid regularly. For board wages, masters seldom think it necessary to pay in advance, which obliges the servants to pay a higher price for their provisions, as they have to go upon credit. Many people forget that 'time is money' to the working class of people." E. S. G.

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